

BY WASH. B. PULIS, 58th ILL.

surely every one had been more or less affected by disorders of the bowels. The constant use of cornmeal tended to aggravate such difficulties, and the farmers that they had been when we were in active service. Loney's health did not seem to undergo any change.

HIS PREMONITION FORGOTTEN.

While I had not mentioned his premonition or the 7th of June to him or any one else, I had kept close watch of him. It was on that day that the cotton was rolled out of the mill, and the men were busy. Loney worked very hard, but did not seem to be altered when the job was completed. A night died just as the others were about to work in the great empty building, and then went back to the hospital to do whatever there might be to do.

At the time of my conversation with him that at midnight I was to go to the hospital and relieve him, and though he had quarters elsewhere, he had several times asked me to go with him, and as he was to be on hand if needed, he said. The death

[illegible]

After breakfast each morning each company was formed into line, and there was a roll call of the men. The roll calls were made by the Captains, but the Major and his Officer of the Day was always somewhere on our side of the line during the time, and there was no telling what quarters he would visit.

We were expected to keep our camp quarters in good order, and men were detailed from each company every day by our own commanders to do the police duty of the camp. The men were not to be drunk, and were not polluted, and that there was no avoidable dirt anywhere, to fill up old and dig new sinks—to do what a good commander would have had us do in our own civilian homes.

tended, and really was, for our good. I was not a doctor, but I bought the medicine; I know he paid \$8 at one time for an ounce of quinine, and at another time \$12. He bought the lumber for the building of the hospital, and the food for all the men; he bought chickens and eggs, milk, rice, prepared barley, wheat flour, jellies, and brandy for the sick, as well as the medicines. He had a great knowledge he spent over \$7,000 for things he deemed, and that really were, necessary for the welfare of our prisoners, but which were not necessary for them.

story. "I always do when I attempt to tell the story of my army life; every such incident is surrounded by many others. To go back to Solomon Loney.

After our conversation in Memphis the building was never referred to by either. We returned to Brown, and the little building was set apart for hospital use. I asked Loney to help carry the first patient to it. He picked the poor fellow up and carried him as a mother carries a child, and I remember thinking, "Why that man was 'strang enough to lift any man camp in and out of bed, and that he thought if one man could do it alone it would be easier for the sick." His offer was promptly accepted.

While we then had but one utterly helpless patient, I was told that Loney was in a fit, and he wanted me to go and see him.

I responded to the hospital, aroused Loney, and told him where and why I was going. He awakened at my call, without any shaking; he thoroughly understood me for he said that if I wanted to have the man carried to the hospital, if I sent for him he would carry him for me.

I found the new patient at the lower end of the sheep pens, the point farthest distant from the hospital. He was in a high fever, his face was red, his eyes were wide open and fixed. Previously he had been restless and talkative, his mind wandering, conversation incoherent; then he was passive as a log, but limber as a rag.

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